



THE BINNACLE

Vol. 1, No. 2.

SAN FRANCISCO

November, 1942

MOVING DAY NEAR AT HAND

With the coming of the new year a new phase in the history of the California Maritime Academy will commence. At this time, we will enter the long awaited shore base at Morro Cove.

The base consists of three barracks, a large mess hall, a machine shop building running parallel with the cove and a school building which faces the bay. Most of us saw the school or classroom building when we made the trip to Stockton. The other buildings are of the same structure as the one we saw.

The barracks are divided into twelve to fourteen rooms in which there will be four men to a room. Just how many of each class will be in one room is undecided but it is believed there will be at least one first class man in charge of a room. In addition to the sleeping quarters in each barracks, there is a large shower, wash room, and adequate toilet facilities. Each individual room will have four non-tricing bunks of the under and over type construction, and four large size lockers which are big enough for dress uniform, overcoat, undress blues and other gear.

The classroom building has a sufficient number of rooms for each class, and there is one large room with a movable wall making an additional two small rooms. Three of the classrooms that are facing the bay have numerous large windows.

The question is in the mind of every Midshipman as to what will happen to the ship. The pier at the new base will not be completed when we move in, but the ship will still be ours, no matter where she is berthed.

Although the base is thirty miles from San Francisco, some means of transportation will be worked out in the near future.

—G. W. Fay.

PROPELLER CLUBS IN JOINT MEETING

Reports on the National Propeller Club Convention highlighted a meeting of the Propeller Club Ports of San Francisco, and California Maritime Academy on Tuesday, November 10.

Luncheon was served in the Comstock Buffet of the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. The Midshipmen were scattered throughout the room, giving each of them a chance to meet some of the men of the shipping world.

Three reports were delivered on the National Convention held in New York a few weeks ago. Mr. Frazier Bailey of the Matson Navigation Company gave a report on some of the various messages delivered before the Convention.

Mr. Eugene F. Hoffman, Secretary-Treasurer of the San Francisco Port, gave a rather general report on the Convention, not restricting himself to the business end.

The State Maritime Academies entered the discussion in Mr. Charles L. Wheeler's report. Mr. Wheeler, of McCormick Steamship Co., centered his talk on the Maritime Academies and the Sea Scouts. At the Convention the Propeller Club of the United States passed two resolutions, pledging their support to these two sources of seagoing men.

The President of the San Francisco Port, Mr. Arthur B. Poole of American President Lines, opened the meeting by welcoming the Midshipmen to the group. Captain Claude B. Mayo of the Academy voiced the Midshipmen and his appreciation for the invitation.

Five officers and twenty first classmen represented the Maritime Academy at the luncheon meeting.



ALUMNI MEETS ABOARD SHIP

With fifteen regular and forty-six associate members answering the roll call, a California Maritime Academy Alumni Association meeting was held aboard the Training Ship, Friday, November 13.

Various problems of the Academy and the Association were discussed. Mainly, the membership drive by the Alumni was the subject.

Lieutenant (jg) J. R. Shafer '35, presided as President of the Association. Lieutenant J. G. Ellis '34, secretary, read the minutes of the previous meeting; and Lieutenant E. C. Miller '34, treasurer, gave the financial report.

It was decided that a plaque be bought by the Alumni Association for the purpose of honoring those graduates killed during the war while serving the Nation on the sea—either with the Navy or Merchant Marine. The Executive Committee appointed a group to follow through with the plan.

A message from Captain Claude B. Mayo, Superintendent of the Academy, was read by Lieutenant (jg) Summerill '38. In it Captain Mayo wished the Association success in the future, and proposed that an essay contest be held with an award of \$25 going to the writer of the best paper on "What I Expect of the Alumni Association." All essays must be submitted before the December meeting to the Executive Committee, Mr. Summerill, or Mr. Miller. It must consist of between 500 and 1000 words.

Preceding the business meeting a dinner was held in the Midshipmen's mess deck. The graduated members scattered through the ranks of the associate members (Midshipmen graduating Dec. 19) in order to give them a chance to become known.

The total membership now exceeds 130, including the forty-six associate members. That leaves a few over ninety graduated members—approximately one-fourth of the total number of graduates—belonging to the Alumni Association.

A list of the regular members attending the November meeting follows: Class of '33—H. O. Lindgren, C. J. Shields, P. W. Ware, J. G. Sterling, J. T. Brewster; Class of '34—C. L. Sauerbier, E. C. Miller, J. G. Ellis; Class of '35—S. J. MacKinnon, J. R. Shafer; Class of '38—J. S. Summerill; Class of '39—H. C. Dupuis; Class of '40—A. E. Gallant, R. W. Racoullat; Class of '40—W. L. Russin.

Following the business meeting the graduates exchanged experiences.

The next meeting will be held December 11, aboard the Training Ship at Slip No. 2, Ferry Building.

THE BINNACLE WATCH

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IN THE REALM OF
VERSE (?)

By the Poet Laureate of CMA
—W. L. Shaw.

TO FOGGY AND BRUNO

A number of Midshipmen
Seem to be afflicted, if not addicted
To talking in their sleep.
They sound to be indulging
In conversation bulging
With flights of fancy, soaring
From shrieks and yells
Of twenty-two reported,
Varied and assorted
Hells—
To a mumbled, fumbled,
Jumbled, boring,
Subconscious caranial outpouring.

TO THE RELIEVING WATCH

I've been asleep exactly half the night.
Suddenly a blearing, searing light,
Ninety-seven times as bright
As any beacon, torch or flame,
Penetrates and lacerates my brain.
"Hit the deck, you lazy bum."
A voice from Hades,
"Rouse out old chum".
Twenty minutes—are you awake?
Hey—you aren't Haddow, there's some
mistake."
Mistake, he says?
Mistake? Good gosh you crosseyed skunk.
Haddow's in the forward bunk!"

TO REILLEY

Two hours after taps has blown
And sleep for some obnoxious reason
Seems forever to have flown;
I notice sounds of snoring,
Of adenoidal outpouring,
Rising above the humming
Of the electric blowers knurbling;
Blowing, flowing, moaning, groaning
Tone.

THANKSGIVING

Once again Thanksgiving has rolled around. It seems just yesterday we gathered about the table for our turkey dinner and meditations. We little realized then that a year hence would find the country and world as it is today. Ruthless aggression of merciless maniacs has challenged our peace and security at home. The world is on fire with war and bloodshed, and the dastardly attack a year ago by Japan has fanned the flames of this wholesale murder going on throughout the world. Looking at this world as it is, some of us might wonder at times what we have to be thankful for.

There will never come a day here when we can say we have nothing for which we are thankful. That is the reason we are in the fight; not a battle to end all wars, or a fight to make the world save for democracy, but rather to make the existing democracies safe from the world. We are thankful for the cause. It's liberty and the freedoms we're struggling for, our very lives! Our forefathers fought for them and we have loved and cherished them. We're so thankful that we will fight and die for them.

We are thankful for the resourcefulness of our country and our people. The capacities and potentialities of our nation are comparatively unlimited. We have only started in this war of production. For our great wealth and man power we are deeply thankful.

The American fighting spirit is something to which we point with pride. Once aroused it will never die until victory is seen. We are thankful for the Allied Nations beside whom we are fighting. Their part is invaluable. With the combined efforts of all, ultimate victory will be ours. For this above all at present we are thankful. So "praise the Lord and pass the ammunition," and let us be thankful for that.

—Fred Doan.

BON VOYAGE

Apparently, this issue will be the last printed by the current Binnacle staff. Graduation will probably take place before the December issue is in the mail, and most of our present staff will be at sea.

It will be with regret that we turn over our jobs to the new staff. Not that we don't trust their journalistic abilities, but it has been fun publishing the Binnacle.

There were set-backs and disappointments, all right; but they were considerably overbalanced by the enjoyment we got from our "sideline."

We had several goals when we took over the Binnacle—namely, to help organize the Alumni Association, to bring the Academy closer to the parents, and to finally stop talking about a printed Binnacle and get it done, instead.

The last of these is now fact; we hope we have helped in the first two cases.

Undoubtedly, the Alumni Association will some day be a rather impressive group of the shipping world. How can it miss, with the number of rapidly advancing CMA graduates now on the sea. We believe all graduates should support the Association and take a sincere interest in it. And we hope we have done a little bit in organizing the group.

As far as the Binnacle is concerned, it won't stop here. In the future, the Academy hopes to enlarge the paper; this can be done in two ways—with more subscriptions, and advertising. However, before undertaking the project of contacting advertisers, we must get a few issues behind us—something to build on.

With this issue, I turn over my job as Editor to a new man. As yet, he is unchosen, there being more than one capable second classman in line for the job.

I speak the thoughts of the whole staff, when I say, "Thanks, THE EDITOR."

TRADITION WINS OUT

It was tradition against prohibition—and a bottle of champagne was broken across the bow of the Liberty Ship Will Rogers at the Baltimore, Md., launching on November 8.

Protest from the Women's Christian Temperance Union came when it was learned four Oklahoma children would be a guard of honor for Mrs. Will Rogers, widow of the famed humorist and sponsor of the vessel. But the Maritime Commission emphatically asserted that it was against the tradition of the sea to launch a ship with water.

The Bethlehem-Fairfield Shipyard which built the vessel, held for the seamen, who have always considered use of water a bad luck omen.

BRUMPSNICK SNARK "What Price Ticket"

The back of his boiler suit was wet and drops of perspiration fell from his brow as Snark stood staring at the enormous reciprocating engine he had just cut in the line. There was less than an hour left before sailing, and the thoughts ran through followed a familiar train.

"It isn't enough that I have to open up the whole plant myself, but it looks as though I'll have to oil that damned engine too. What do they think an engineer is, anyway? I'll get overtime for every minute I'm down here; why, I'll—Why don't they send down an oiler? Bla, bla—"

A strange jingle-jangle (utterly unknown to engine rooms) was what first turned Snark's eyes to the upper grating. There he beheld one of the strangest sights of his career—a Texas cowboy in the engine room. He'd seen them in pictures, but never on a ship. The lanky body descended the ladder in unsteady surges, hands slipping nervously on the oily handrails while high-heeled, black polished boots teetered on each rung. Bright silver spurs clanked and twirled when often they would catch on the gratings. Further attire adorning the six foot three inches of sun-tanned body included a pair of chaps held up by a Mexican belt and silver buckle, a red bandana knotted around the neck, a grey ten-gallon sombrero, and a blue plaid shirt—a label from a well-known roll-your-own tobacco dangling from the pocket. Finally his landing was made on the lower deck plates, with two clicks and a jingle; as Snark clung desperately to the log desk for support. No telling how long he might have remained thus had not the jovial Texan broke the silence.

"Mr. Snark? Ah'm your new oiler."

Snark allowed himself plenty of time for thought before answering. It was certainly obvious that this lubber didn't know a port watch from an alarm clock, and tact would be necessary to improve this person's comprehension of his duties. Snark's eyes lighted with curiosity as he approached the Texan.

"You're what?"

"Ah'm your new oiler." Repeated the cowboy, extending his hand for a handshake. "You all can call me 'Texas,' evabody does."

Snark observed the extended hand with question, then placed in the palm a very slippery oil can, the spout of which had certainly seen abuse. Then pointing to the spurs he snarled, "Take off them Hollywood spur gears before you trip yourself."

The not-to-be-outdone cowboy deftly put the oil can back into the engineer's hand and proceeded to remove the spurs while Snark slammed the can violently on the top of the log desk. Once removed, the spurs, too, were handed to Snark. The spurs bounced off the hotwell with a clank and continued to jingle until the noise was finally snuffed out by the emulsion on the tanktops.

Tex knew that his riding equipment was of no use to him, so he kept up the handing process, positively delighted at the engineer's fury. The knot in the bandana was skilfully untied and the same was handed to Snark. The turbid thinker's face was as red as the bandana until he wiped his hands on the latter and tossed the soiled cloth into the waste can. Next in order came the broad sombrero which, after leaving Snark's hand, glided a 'great circle' course of the engine room, banking gracefully to the right around the L.P. cylinder and the condenser.

Because the Texan's shedding and handing process had ceased, Snark had time to regain composure and instinctively he handed the oil can back to the "new oiler," gesticulating exaggeratedly as he explained how to put oil into the cups and wells of the main engine. Surprisingly (and to Snark's delight), Tex made the first round with little difficulty and lots of oil. So the engineer started to turn over the great "triple" for warming up.

Tex stood as steady as a fixture near a column of the engine for twenty minutes, then he removed the tobacco bag from his shirt pocket and deftly rolled a cigarette. Disappointed at finding that a match would no longer light on the sole of his shoes, he was forced to light up from the rusty head of the bilge pump. The self-assured air with which he looked at Snark and the proud manner with which he blew smoke into the air made Snark uncomfortable.

"You'd better give 'er another round, TEX," suggested Snark, with accent on the name, "the oil runs out pretty fast when she turns slow."

"O.K." returned the Texan, looking up expectantly at the engine, then remaining near the column puffing peacefully at the cigarette.

It was beyond Snark what was meant by this action. Maybe someone had told the cowboy that every half an hour was enough. Yes, that was it, so he would not mention it for another ten minutes, and maybe the cowboy would wise up. The engine groaned. At precisely one-half an hour from the time the Texan made the first round, a red glow crept over Snark's face like a rising tide.

"Now oil that engine, damn it!" Snark ordered. "You think I want to wipe a bearing before we even leave the dock?"

"Ah'm ready when you all is ready, mister," returned the Texan, completely cool about the situation.

"What the *! Z (G?!) X do you mean by 'Ah'm ready when you're ready?'" demanded Snark. "Why you stop 'er, and Ah'll oil 'er, Mistah Snark."

SLOPSHUTE

D. R. Beaumont

It is a bright, cheerful morning in November—Thanksgiving Day—just a few minutes before reveille. While the bugler warms up for the holiday prelude, let us turn our attentions to Slopshute, our hero.

He is asleep (we know this because his eyes are closed—the only difference from his normal appearance.) Through his subconscious mind flits a horrible melange of turkey, sage and onion dressing, vodka, brunettes, khaki, G.R.&R., vodka, visions of himself as a deep water mate, the last school dance, vodka, liberty, and some vodka.

Tossing fitfully in his bunk (which hasn't been made since the abolition of slavery) S. Jerk runs afoul of the size 12, 4E feet of Crosshead McDimvit (a tinker, how we love 'em) who sleeps with his brass wrench and pot metal screwdriver. As you, dear reader, can well imagine, inhaling the effluvia of one's pedal extremities, especially those of a tinker who thinks water is something you add to Bourbon! According to Avogadro's first principle of suffocation our hero leaps up and starts yellin', "Help! Gas attack! Action Stations! Weather main and lee crojik braces! Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition!" At this point the watch, the duty officer, and several cadets end the heroics of our modern Paul Revere with a fid, a button set, two belaying pins, and an assortment of closed fists.

A few hours later our hero (after slyly missing formation) seats himself in the mess deck in expectation of a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner. After swapping desserts with a Swab (you lose!) Slopshute starts on the salad—assorted barnacles and kelp a la Newburg.

Up until now young Jerk had faced the world with a smile, all was peace and contentment; the war, finals and the cessation of liquor production were as far away as the moon. Yea, verily, our hero was wearing the proverbial rose-colored spectacles.

With a bellow—which would have brought a nod of approval at the Pitchley or Quorn—he summoned a messman in the time honored manner.

"Look, knucklehead, how about getting some cups out, and a little peanut butter!"

"B-b-b-b-but, Mr. Jerk, there is no peanut butter," stammers the highly scared draft dodger.

"Well, make some!" roars Jerk, who then turns and receives an ovation from his fellow sufferers.

The beleaguered messman, Lanyard Steamwhistle (who was 1-A upon entering the Academy) was entertaining all kinds of evil thoughts directed toward Slopshute J. They ran the gamut of injury from mayhem to vivisection.

Let us stop here for a moment and consider this Swab, who due to the influence of his father (the gent who manufactures all the brass tacks people get down to) is at CMA, instead of in the branch of the service where picks and shovels play an important part of one's life. He is in countenance a tall loose-jointed chap who thinks a surgeon is a doctor. Lanyard took five years to get through high school, graduating 69th in a class of 68.

The villain—for that is the part played by Lanyard—approaches Slopshute with a platter of turkey. Slopshute's nose having picked up the odor, he turns in anticipation. This was a fatal move! By accident or design the turkey flew about in several directions, literally ruining the drape shape of our hero's blues.

Slopshute saw red; all of the suppressed passions and hates and inhibitions were swept aside as rage welled up within him. Like a mighty sea it came forth in a torrent of invective and imprecations.

"You GB (*\$-VX*\$ dope. So help me, you'll do push-ups until your arms drop off; you'll sit on infinity 'till you habitually walk in that position. After you've written a thousand copies of the Swab rules you'll know 'em backwards. I've never seen such a stupid lubberly rustic as you in all my life. I'm gonna have your" . . . At this point in Jerk's tirade, he was caught short; for through the mist he could see that horrible color, a word that strikes terror in his heart—KHA!K!

A beautiful golden sun was disappearing from an azure sky. A soft white gull wheeled with lazy grace over a quiet peaceful bay. From afar came the dulcet tones of a sparrow in evening song. All this beauty and loveliness (shades of Byron).

But there is one to whom this meant nothing; for in his heart was one thought—revenge. Yes, dear reader, it's our hero, pursuing the unofficerlike task of flattening tin cans. How many countless hours more of this, only S.J. and the COOD knew. On into the gathering dusk toiled Slopshute, pausing to wipe the sweat from his brow, and reconsider his misdeed.

From the mess deck ahead appears the villain of the piece, "Oh, Mr. Jerk; mess gear!"

"What have we got?" growls Slopshute.

"Turkey hash, sir," answers the younger boy, beaming.

Our hero turns and shuffles toward his cans; the perfect example of a broken man. From out of the night comes a steady thud . . . thud . . . thud . . . and another can is added to the salvage drive.

SCUTTLEBUTT**The Angel**

No wonder the nick names that the Midshipmen receive when they enter the Academy stick. When the first class was at Gyro School a few Saturdays ago the instructor noticed and spoke of Bob "Dumbo" Byrne's ears. It isn't only the Cadets who notice their friend's (?) characteristics. . . .

Maybe the muster list ought to be made up with nick names rather than the Midshipmen's given names. It would read something like this: The Angel, Hollywood Bill, Bones, Reggie, The Deacon, Dumbo, Polar Bear, Boathook, Panama, Foggy, Thumbs, Boris, Bird Dog, Moron, Smiley, Moe, Bruno, Nose-nose, The Chief, Buck, The Professor, Body, Cecil B. de, Pinky, Leftover, Apricot, Dingle, Happy, Porky, Big Olaf, Potts, Grampaw, Mick, etc., etc., etc. And that's only a part of them!

Since the spirit of Thanksgiving is in the air, most of the first class is saying, "I am thankful that I have less than a month at CMA." Maybe they will regret it later.

Hear that during the next cruise two trips to Stockton are planned. Oh, well, that means more orders for miniatures . . . and a climb in Telephone Company stock.

Some of the Midshipmen kick about not having enough time to sleep. Well, Rankine, Drake, and Beaumont have no room to talk. . . . They get at least an hour's extra snoozing, even if it is during Seamanship.

And that makes me wonder, "Is sleepiness catching?" The three of the aforementioned sit in the same row in class, and as soon as one nods off it isn't long before the other two follow suit. Don't get me wrong; others have the same trouble, and not during just one certain class, but all day long.

For some of you who have been wondering about Service Flags Admiral Land quoted the following a few weeks ago:

"The American seaman is constantly and unselfishly struggling to preserve a free nation, and is as much a defender of Liberty as any member of the armed forces of the United States. An appropriate method of paying tribute would be to use the service flag to signify service in the Merchant Marine by members of any household or establishment."

I see where the second award of the Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal took place at the annual banquet of the American Merchant Marine Conference. Probably won't be long before a CMA graduate receives the Medal. Certainly some of them have done deserving deeds when their ships have gone down, but necessary publicity has been lacking.

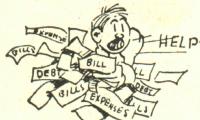
THE SECOND CLASS LINE

Wine, Women, and Song: This was the theme of the traditional Dinner Dance held by the Midshipmen of the Second Class on Saturday, November 7, 1942.

For the pleasure of the "Middies" and "Officers," music was presented by Don Kaye and his Orchestra at the Hotel Claremont, in Berkeley. A delicious steak dinner was served in the Blue and Gold Room.

The high light of the evening was the short but clever stage show, featuring "Gloria," the Camera Girl.

This was the last Social Affair of the year held by the Second Class before the Academy moves into the new shore base at Morrow Cave, Vallejo.

**ALUMNI,
ATTENTION!**

Until further notice Alumni meetings will be held the second Friday in each month aboard the Training Ship at the Ferry Building.

ALUMNI NEWS

Nat Main, '41, is second mate on a new ship for American Hawaiian S. S. Co.

Kendall Schaffer, '41, is second mate on one of the older American Hawaiian ships.

"Moe" Abbot, '40, is second mate on an American Hawaiian ship.

K. W. Clark, '39, is night engineer on Army Transports.

Arthur J. Cronin, '41, was recently in San Francisco sitting for a raise in grade. He will sail soon as second assistant for Union Oil.

Jack Zenor, Jan., '42, is now in the Ferry Command with Gwartney and Nied.

Harry Doell, '41, is second assistant on a new ship for American Hawaiian S. S. Co.

Osborne Rutherford, '41, is third assistant on the same Matson ship with C. F. Smith, Jan., '42.

R. L. Smith, Jan., '42, is second mate on the same A. H. ship with Doell.

Al Gallant, '40, is now a Lieutenant Senior Grade on a battleship of the U. S. Fleet.

Many were glad to see that Alan Harvie, Jan., '42, is not "missing" as previously reported, but very much alive after two torpedoes in the lane to Murmansk.

Irving Singman, '41, is an instructor on the American Sailor He's an ensign in the Navy now.

J. P. Anderson, '41 is in San Francisco after nine months sailing in southern waters as 3rd mate on an American Mail Lines ship.

M. P. Locke, '41, has taken R. M. Elden's job as District Cadet Inspector for the Maritime Commission.

R. M. Elden, '41, is second engineer on a Liberty ship.

R. L. Peck, '41, is night engineer on the waterfront.

T. J. Woods, '42 (July), is on an American-Hawaiian Liberty ship as third engineer.

J. E. McDermott, July, '42, was aboard the Training Ship recently.

Howard Mollenkopf, '38, is with Union Oil as first assistant.

Louis Rossi, '38, and E. C. Schwarz, '38, are with Standard Oil.

Lloyd Weeks, Jan. '42, is sitting for a raise in license.

Hal Lindgren, '38, USMMCBS, has an addition to the family.

Bill Carrick, '35, is with the USMMCBS.

CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
TRAINING SHIP "GOLDEN STATE"
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